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# PUCK

A HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL WEEKLY

PUBLISHED BY THE PUCK PUBLISHING COMPANY



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST."

Wherefore Puck Suggests the above Peace Policy to the New Administration.

(It will have the additional advantage of utilizing itinerant German Bands.)

## "PUCK",

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Editor "PUCK",  
 13 North William St., New York.

## PUCK'S CARTOONS.

## "MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

THE quotation from Congreve is somewhat musty, and cynics might urge that the sentiment was a fallacy, but Puck thinks that there may be something in it after all—at any rate, the effect of brass-band music on Sitting Bull and other Indians, in making them refined and peaceful citizens, has never been tried. Why not try it? It might succeed better than post-traders, missionaries, rifles, cartridges, or even the fire-water of the pale faces. Puck gives the idea to the Indian Bureau *gratis*.

## THE MODERN ORESTES PURSUED BY THE FURIES.

EVERYBODY knows the story of Orestes, the son of Agamemnon and constant friend of Pylades; and there are but few who have not heard of the modern Orestes, otherwise Oakey Hall, the son of his father, Ex-Mayor of New York, the constant friend of journalists, artists, actors, actresses and prominent members of the Tweed Ring. When the latter patriotic coterie was cruelly scattered to the winds, the modern Orestes felt that the sword of Damocles hung over him.

This uncomfortable weapon still dangles in his "mind's eye" above his head, and he would "stand from under," but to get away from one's-self is no easy matter when pursued by the phantoms of O'Connor, and Tweed and Sweeny, as the fabled Furies; and even the benign protection of Britannia affords no rest to his spirit.

## DIE WALKÜRE.

PUCK considers himself somewhat of an authority on Wagner, whose method he exposed in his first number. So "Die Walküre"—in English "The Walkyre"—which the enterprising Mr. Fryer has presented at the Academy of Music, must not be allowed to pass unnoticed. The "Walkyres" were a sort of district telegraph-messenger girls, who carried telegrams and three-cornered notes from Odin to those warriors who were to receive their quietus in battle, after which served them with gin-cocktails, when they arrived in the Northern mythological Hades—Walhalla.

The music, well, that's a matter of taste, but to our minds it is a contra puntal machination of scherzo, thoroughbass, or the sounds one hears in a nor'westerly gale in the engine-room on board an ocean steamer, when everything on deck has "fetched way."

Our artist has endeavored to convey a pleasant idea of the various beauties of the opera and their effect upon the audience.

It is a fact not altogether unworthy of mention that the man who compels his wife to use a broken stove-lid for seventeen or eighteen consecutive years seldom complains of the expense consequent upon providing his yellow dog with the latest thing in patent automatic muzzles each season.

## THE TELEPHONE.

PUCK went to Steinway Hall to see and hear the Telephone. PUCK saw more of it than he heard. It is an odd-looking arrangement, reminding him of a number of exaggerated, ill-matched match-boxes, in different stages of growth, hanging on to one another for fear of losing themselves. They don't move, however, but stand there open-mouthed as much as to say: "Now then, Philadelphia, hurry up with that music, we want to get through." The operator on the platform telegraphed for the first tune; it arrived by lightning express—it was something like "Home, Sweet Home"—though as the melody seemed to come from a small music-box that had gone to bed early and had a few extra blankets piled on it to keep the cold out, PUCK would not have taken his oath the air wasn't "Yankee Doodle" or Beethoven's Moonlight-Sonata, he certainly couldn't catch the *andante*, the *allegro*, or the *allegretto*, for that matter.

Make no mistake. PUCK is not exactly finding fault with Professor Gray, or Strakosch, or with Science. PUCK likes science, and has considerable respect for it. A right-smart chap must the man have been who first invented science, but they who run the Telephone ought to have used better weather for the first show, and not have had their music washed off the wires by rain—at any rate a wrecking train should have been in readiness to clear the track of the damaged music.

The police arrangements, too, were unsatisfactory. PUCK was told telegraphic operators along the line of wire stole some of the music; this in his opinion could have been prevented by stationing a policeman at every telegraph-pole between New York and Philadelphia; "let no guilty man escape."

The Legislature at Albany should at once pass a bill to make the stealing of Telephone music "grand electric larceny"—for the Telephone is a great institution.

## Puckerings.

THE Boston *Advertiser* says "E\* is over." Now we're sorry for a joker who 'asterisk his reputation by such a pun as that.

THE Norristown *Herald* suggests that the guillotine be called into requisition to suppress the tramp. Well, that *would* be a capital way to get a head of him, that's a fact.

The French journals contain many fiery articles, hence they are generally provided with "fuel-tongs" (feuillets).—Boston Traveller.

And yet, notwithstanding these flaming advertisements, their subscribers are few.

A MAN starved himself to death, in Manchester, England, last month; and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "suicide with attenuating circumstances."

"ONE might as well be out of the world as out of fashion," is a common saying; but unless this *furor* for "mysterious disappearance" is checked, one will have to be out of the world to be in fashion.

WHEN the vender of a patent hair-invigorator exhibits assorted lots of fine, glossy hair as proof of the wonderful effect of his solution on different heads, there is, perhaps, no better way of escaping him, than to purchase a few packages, and use them for bringing out the fur on the back of your old gloves, if you don't happen to be bald-headed.

THE near approach of the Spring-meetings is already creating a *furor* in sporting circles. Even the horses themselves are considerably exercised in consequence.

A PARLIAMENTARY fowl: The hen that made a motion to lay on the table.

OVER the stage-door of the Paris Vaudeville appears the following:

The hall-porter will be discharged if he allow any stranger in the artists' dressing-rooms. The only exception to this rule is made in the case of the father and mother of an artist who has not attained the age of twenty-one, and only then at the artist's request.

PUCK is curious to know how the management of the theatre propose to enforce this rule. He wouldn't be in that hall-porter's shoes for a trifle. The responsibility is altogether too great for any ordinary mortal. How is this unfortunate individual to know if an artist has attained the age of twenty-one? PUCK wishes, for the hall-porter's sake, that persons' ages, like those of horses, could be told by their teeth.

It is stated that the Nova Scotians are beginning to kick against the name of "Blue Noses." An indigo-nation meeting is to be called on the subject at an early day.

TITIAN red is to be the fashionable color for hair. This is a matter for congratulation, since the color will enable the public to observe with more readiness the presence of the hirsute element in the average plate of hash. Faith is beautiful; but a man likes to have visible evidence that he is getting his money's worth.

A BRILLIANT puff on somebody's organs begins thus:

There is perhaps no home element so purely fascinating and so truthfully beautiful as music.

Well, it depends very much on the auditor's taste, and what sort of music it is. Thomas's band on the roof, telephoning a concert in your ear, when you want to go to sleep, is not purely fascinating, nor is piano-drumming by bread-and-butter misses (even if they're your own) before breakfast as truthfully beautiful as might be.

WEDDING cake is now so artistically prepared, and put up for fashionable distribution that the bachelor recipient frequently mistakes it for a neat thing in shaving soap.

At a recent amateur Shakespearean performance in Baltimore, a river-boatman played the part of *Row-me-o* very creditably, they say.

Perhaps A. Oakey Hall has joined the A. O. H.—Philadelphia Times.

No, sir. He's more probably joined the I. Owe and O. F. F. Association.

THE *Evening Mail* says, "that the Austrian army is to be awfully arrayed with female sutlers." It requires a subtler wit than ours to make a joke out of this item.

THE London *Yorick* gives the following advice:

TO ADULTS WHO HAVE NEVER LEARNED TO DANCE.—An infallible and expeditious method of learning this elegant and most necessary art is to practice daily with bare feet on a hot griddle.

This joke is really "too funny for anything." But let us carry out the idea; to dance on a hot griddle would be like life in Hades, for there your sole (soul) burns. Can't you see?

THE rumor that the Indians prepare to renew hostilities at "the first grass" is in reality a canard of "the first water."

MRS. HARDFORD says, "a Christian can be told by the shape of his head." How can she tell a Jew? By the shape of his nose, we presume.

"If you can't be a lighthouse," says Mr. Moody, "be a candle."

PUCK can go that one or two better. If you can't be a candle, be a kerosene-lamp; if you can't be a kerosene-lamp, be a piece of kindling-wood; and if you can't conveniently be that, why, be a box of matches. Don't be discouraged! At all events, go to blazes!

OLIVE LOCAN heads her last London letter to the *Graphic*, "In the Land of the Queen." Some women-writers will persist in calling a spade "an agricultural implement." We suppose "In the Land of the Queen" means England, though it might mean Madagascar.

THE *Evening Telegram* heads an editorial, *apropos* of a proposed plaster cast of the father of his country:

GEORGE WASHINGTON NEVER NAKED.

Then he must have been born with a suit of clothes on. Perhaps this is why we've never had a President like him.

THIS is rather rough on us from the London *York*:

American journalism is on the decline. In one of our latest exchanges from New York we read that "only a very insignificant trade is doing in yarns."

While lamenting our own shortcomings, we rejoice at the appearance of a gleam of wit in an English comic journal.

CHAMBERLAIN has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Now they have Wade Hampton, South Carolinians are content.

PUCK thinks that Louisianians who want specie payment should be in favor of Nicholls.

MORE Anglo-American wit. The London *Punch* is the offender this time. This is what it says:

A CONTRADICTION IN (AMERICAN) TERMS.—Fog clears up, now that HAYES settles down.

In the next number we hope to find some such joke, as: "Til-den the election of Hayes (haze) was a foregone (fog-horn) conclusion."

"Our earthly reputations," says a great poet, "are the color of grass, and the same Sun that makes them green bleaches them out again."

Yes, but how about the reputations that the *Sun* blackens?

We would follow this piece of sage advice, if we could:

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

But, unfortunately, we can't pay him enough wages.

THE young man who claims to be the original and only genuine recipient of the lamented Greeley's advice, "Go West," is now devastating Minnesota free-lunch counters with the air of one who has a mission to accomplish and is not to be discouraged by trifles.

THIS is important news from Washington:

Mrs. Hayes makes a dimple in either cheek when smiling.

We have heard a good deal about the Hayes family, and the President's affection for Rhine wine and dislike to gloves, but Jenkins, up to the present time, has been cruelly reticent on the dimple question. We have now wired to know the number of gray hairs in Hayes's favorite whisker.

## WORLD-LY, BUT NOT WISE.

GENIUS is our weakness, and we confess it publicly. But pray, gentle or ungentle reader, don't imagine that we mean to imply that Puck is weak in point of genius; not at all! What we desire to convey is that we adore genius, and mean to immortalize it whenever it attracts our notice.

The latest instance we have met with is the effusion of the *World's* dramatic critic on "The Princess Royal." At last the *World* has secured a critic "as is a critic." He is not one of those ordinary writers who cannot put more than three adjectives to each substantive; he can always command five; but this our readers can see for themselves in the last quotation we take from his article.

Our critic commences by saying that the "Hero of the Hour" was produced at Booth's more than two years ago. His second sentence is this:

It was an adaptation—which has come to mean an embroidered and emended translation—of the French "L'Officier de la Fortune," we believe, though that does not much matter.

We are glad to learn that "L'Officier de la Fortune" is French, because from the title we had imagined it to be German. We are also glad to be able to agree with the last clause of the sentence: what the *World's* critic believes, certainly "does not much matter." It may be well to say that the title of the original play is "L'Officier de Fortune."

He continues as follows:

Something very much like it, too, appeared at the National Theatre, London, in 1875, as "Rank and Fame."

Perhaps he will be surprised to learn that a play cannot "appear." Actors *appear*, plays are *produced*.

In the course of his article the critic remarks that the story was "dramatically represented by the very clever company," and that the "story is not told with much dramatic force by Mr. Daly's company." Did he expect to see the story represented otherwise than dramatically? If so, in what way?

A little further on we find this:

What followed after that we do not see any necessity to describe.

It is surprising that "what followed" came "after"; usually events "follow" *before*.

Passing over some sentences which read like a child's first efforts at composition, we come to the following gem:

He (Mr. Coghlan) has to run Mr. Studley through with his sword on two occasions—always a popular proceeding; he has to shake some shackles at mercenary myrmidons; he has to make love, or rather to exhibit gallantry, several times—at which he is an adept—and his general occupation is to be very brave, very innocent, very much wronged, and at the end very triumphant.

What has poor Mr. Studley done that the public should always be pleased to see him run through? And what is "a sword on two occasions"? Is it very different on the third occasion? We are rejoiced to learn that Mr. Coghlan is an "adept at several times," and have no doubt he finds it a useful accomplishment, whatever it may be.

But it was when he came to treat of Miss Davenport that our genius "spread himself." Read his words carefully:

As for Miss Davenport, ah! She was the Princess Royal herself; she was vivacious, tender, pleading, lovely and everything else commendable, naturally, but her chief attraction was millinery—her millinery was noble, refined, exquisite, varied and glorious.

What a world of meaning is expressed in that "ah!" And mark the splendid wealth of adjectives! It is, perhaps, barely worth mentioning that "noble" is scarcely a proper word to denote the quality of millinery, as this inelegance is obscured by the fault of applying the word "millinery" to dress. "Millinery," we would tell the *World's* writer, means *head-gear*.

For a long time we were at a loss to know why the word "naturally" was inserted in its place in the above sentence, but we have finally concluded that "commendable naturally" must stand for *commendable by a natural*—said natural being, "naturally," the *World's* critic.

## SIMPSON'S SEARCH.

I USED to get my hair cut about once a fortnight; I liked it cut short, and whenever I found it long enough to catch hold of at the back, I would go into the nearest hairdresser's and have it trimmed; so I visited a great number of those establishments, and I became so accustomed to the appearance of that long-haired man, that after a while a hair-cutting saloon seemed to me incomplete without him. At first I thought he went round these places to look at the illustrated papers, as he always held one in his hand, but soon I saw that he never turned over a page, nor appeared to mind whether it was upside down or not, and I got into the habit of watching him in the glass opposite me. When any person sat down to be operated upon, his features would assume an interested expression, and if there was silence for a few moments, his eye would brighten and his breath come short; but as soon as it was broken, he would draw a long sigh and walk sadly away. I saw him so often that I became curious about him. I thought he must have a weight upon his mind, and that it must be of an extraordinary sort to lead him to haunt such places. It he had looked like a madman, I should not have been so interested in him; but with the exception of the unusual length of his hair, there was nothing in the least eccentric about his appearance. His conduct was most mysterious, and I felt an intense desire to speak to him.

One day I was caught in a shower and stepped inside a hairdresser's door for shelter. I passed my hand over the back of my head, but found that there was not sufficient hair for any scissors to catch hold of it, so I stood in the doorway. I had been there but a few minutes when I heard a well-known sigh, and the long-haired man stood beside me. It was raining too heavily for either of us to venture out, so we remained there. I glanced at his face, and, as I did so, he caught my eye. He smiled, and said something about the weather. I responded cheerfully; he paused thoughtfully for a minute, and then said: "We have met so often before, sir, that we have almost become acquaintances. My name is Simpson; I know yours. You have seen me so frequently that I am sure you have formed some curious ideas about me; so I feel it due to myself to explain why we have so often come across each other in these places. I am on a search; I have been for a long time. You seem to visit a large number of hairdressers, but I could tell you of several where you have never been. I have gone round them all many, many times, but never have I found what I seek. On several occasions I have thought I had discovered the object of my search; frequently have I hoped that success was about to crown my efforts. But no. I sit in these saloons, and I listen, and am invariably disappointed. I am taking a liberty, but you look as if you would not refuse to do a simple act to help a fellow human being. This is my card; here is a stamp; will you take the trifling trouble of dropping me a line, if you should ever chance to meet with what I have so long been looking for—a dumb hair-cutter; one who will not recapitulate all I have read in the last week's papers; who will not tell me I am becoming bald, when I have a luxuriant growth; who will refrain from fearing I am getting gray, when my locks are like the raven; who will not assure me that my hair is thinning, when he can scarcely get the comb through it; who will not esteem as jokes my insults; when my patience is exhausted; who will not, when I go in to invest a quarter in a cutting, compel me to carry out with me a dollar's worth of grease, hair-dyes, restorers and washes? Oh, thank you; may I shake hands with you? The rain is over. Good evening."

## THE IMPERSONAL JOURNAL'S PRISON.

THE *Daily "Impersonal"* was a great paper. Nobody knew its writers. Nobody wanted to know. The public read it, relished it, and longed for more. Everybody knew its editor, Scrunch.

I called to see Scrunch, who controlled the *Daily "Impersonal."* I said to him that I wanted to see, and, if possible, know some of the men who gave life, animation, and ideas to his paper.

"Why," said he, "you have no business to suppose that anybody writes for this paper but myself. I am the editor."

"Yes; but," said I, "you can't do it all, can you?"

"In one sense, yes," said he. "I give the tone to the paper. I give the ideas. I am a fountain of idea and suggestion. There are other writers under me, of course. But they are mere instruments, sir, mere instruments that I use."

I said: "Well, why don't their names appear in conjunction with their work? Even a tailor gets the credit for making a good pair of pantaloons, and a blacksmith for making a good horse-shoe, and I don't see why the writer—"

"Sir," said the editor, "the dignity of journalism depends on Impersonality. The *Daily "Impersonal"* would be nothing were it not impersonal. We never allow names in our paper. We never help make a reputation. It might ruin us. It might ruin me. Mine is the only name allowed to be mentioned in connection with the editorship of the *Daily "Impersonal."* I do not allow my writers to have names. I insist that every writer, on a salary for the *Daily "Impersonal,"* shall be nameless. I insist that, from their entering this office, they shall forget their names, and forget who they are. I merge them into ME. The system is a beautiful one for the paper. The public say, 'The *Daily "Impersonal"* is immense. Scrunch is the editor-in-chief of the *'Impersonal.'* What a mind has Scrunch!' Come, I will show you my editorial corps. I will show you my galaxy of brilliant minds. We keep them under lock and key. We never allow them to go outside the office."

"How do you get them in at first?" I asked.

"I have my trained hunters on the hills afar. Whenever he hears of a brilliant, budding intellect, he runs him down, lassoes him, gags him, binds him, boxes him, transports him to the city, turns him—raging, rearing, and howling—into a den prepared for recent captures attached to this office; there turns him loose. In a few days he is tamed down and ready to go to work."

"How long does he last?"

"About as long as an omnibus-horse. Singular coincidence, isn't it? Writers on the *Daily "Impersonal"* last just about as long as car-horses. When their vigor, freshness, and vitality give out, we turn 'em loose. That accounts for the increasing number of tramps."

Scrunch then took his keys, and, proceeding through a number of dark, narrow, tortuous passages, came to a series of cells. He paused a moment, operated on a difficult combination-lock, and a door turned on its hinges. Within, a pale, unshaven man was writing. He turned as the door opened. It was a haggard, unshaven face, with an anxious, beseeching air.

"He writes the heavy leaders," said Scrunch. "Hasn't been outside of these walls for seven years."

"Please, sir, may I go out?" said the pale man.

"Do you think I can trust you?" said Scrunch.

"Oh! try me, try me! good sir!" he cried.

"Well, I will, my good man. What's your name?"

"I dunno—I dunno," said the prisoner.

"What paper do you write for?"

"I dunno—I dunno."

"That's well. You shall go out for half-an-hour with a keeper—a year from next June. Mind, you don't speak to anybody now and tell 'em who you think you are. The fresh air might revive your memory, you know."

"Thank you! thank you, sir!" said the poor, pale man. Then I saw him send the next day's leader up in the dummy, which came directly down again with some weak tea and toast.

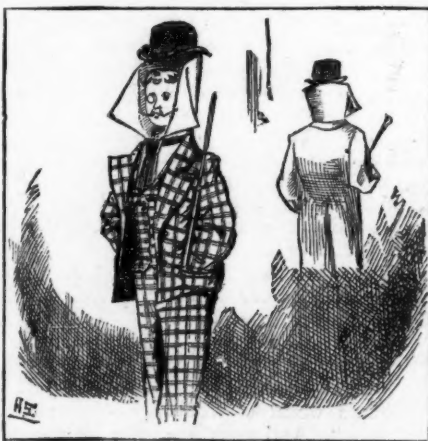
"That's the way they're fed, you see," said Scrunch. "I have all their diet impregnated with a certain drug, which causes them to lose all sense of their own identity. You just ask that fellow now for his autograph and see what he'll give you."

I did so. He turned and wrote the following character, "O." As the door was locked and we left, I heard him singing: "O, to be nothing—nothing!"

"Yes. That's what we aim to make them. We just take those fellows and husk their identity from their intellect, and they're ready for our use. This is our funny man," said he, throwing open another door. The humorist was shaking with suppressed laughter. "He's laughing at his own conceits all the time," said Scrunch. "Has forgotten his name, too. Doesn't want any fame or reputation. Splendid instrument! That fellow would have eclipsed Bret Harte or Mark Twain if we'd let him out. We've had him seven years."

Well, I saw the whole impersonal system of journalism. It was just like a jail. Some of these poor fellows had little light and less air. Some of their cells were stifling with steam, and heat, and smells from the composing-room. They never saw anybody but their keepers, and I was told that, even if they did go out, they became so accustomed to their dens, and piles of newspapers, and scissors, and puns, and paragraphs, that they seemed, when out in the Great World, and among the World's people, to be lonesome, scared, and frightened, so that they wanted to be taken back again as soon as possible. So they kept on writing and writing until they were all written out, and then Scrunch threw the shells over into the backyard, along with empty oyster-cans and broken teapots.

PRENTICE MULFORD.



WHAT WE MAY EXPECT  
IF THIS MANIA FOR HIGH SHIRT-COLLARS CONTINUES.

## PHILOLOGY VS. PRIZE-PACKAGES.

"HAVE a candy-package, boss?" said the train-boy, addressing an elderly passenger with a broadbrimmed hat and spectacles.

"Candy-package," said the old man after a moment's pause. "Candy—let me see—a saccharine substance prepared by the aid of various deleterious ingredients, and pleasingly colored to the eye by the admixture of chemical pigments. Young man, do you know that—"

"Oh, cheese it, boss. Try a package."

"Cheese, did you remark?" continued the old gentleman, wiping his spectacles. "Ah, yes; cheese, the curd of milk coagulated and pressed; is prepared in many varieties, such as Limburger, Swiss, Brie, Neufch—"

"Got the bulge on me this time, boss."

"The bulge, did you observe? oh, indeed, I see: bulge—to swell in the middle, to bilge; a word, however, seldom used by philologists or linguists in gen—"

"Ah, come now, boss, brace up and take a package! may draw a prize, yer know."

"Prize—Spanish, *Preso*; French, *Prise*; supposed to be from the Latin *Prendo*, signifying 'to lay hold of.' Now, young man, if you don't leave this in about two seconds, I'll lay hold of you in a way that will make you wish prize-candy packages had never been invented."

The youngster concluded that Old Broadbrim didn't want any candy that day, and went for the next man.

## OUR ANTIQUITIES.

AN aged antiquarian of this city recently remarked to his son that it inspired him with unspeakable pride to reflect that the brave men of the revolution had fought, bled and died on this very soil which we now tread.

"Yes," answered the young man musingly, "if history tells the truth, there must have been a great many hero bouts hereabouts."

The old gentleman started, looked at him reproachfully, and darted down a side-street.

It has been truly said that circumstances alter cases. It makes all the difference in the world whether "No quarter" is inscribed on the advancing banner of an unconquerable army or apologetically uttered by a meek-faced man who rests his elbow on the bar, and proposes to start an account for twenty-five cents' worth of beer just consumed.

## Answers for the Anxious.

Co. O.—"What is a fiend?" Why, a fiend is—a man, who—a fiend—why, you are a fiend. That is, you will be, unless you stop asking questions.

PATIENT.—Go to a doctor. Taking pills, however wholesome, will not cure every complaint.

MISS M.—If he won't marry you for that reason, we wouldn't, in your place, marry him for any reason. It is not your fault that you were born.

ETIQUETTE.—The language in which a gentleman should congratulate a bride on her marriage will depend a great deal upon the bride.

ROSE.—PUCK suspects that your engagement is clandestine. Remember the old proverb "Marry in haste, repent at leisure." 2. Steep the cloth in cold water.

B. M. C.—The plates may be made of any convenient thickness; that is, if you know how to make them.

PORT X.—We don't think it is quite the thing to spell "mule" "mewl," not even for the sake of a pun; besides, mules don't mew—they bray.

P. E. T.—No. Never try to solve a conundrum. Give it up. Conundrums are made to be given up.

AMERICUS.—That last funny article of yours will be framed and hung on our walls, for future generations to look at and weep over.

FIFTY-SEVEN CONTRIBUTORS.—Do let up on the Spitz-dog. You will make him madder than the "Herald." Puck has enough effusions on that animal to last him for six months, if he printed nothing else.

YOUNG HOOSIER.—We are always glad to give hints and advice to unsophisticated youths: 1. The correct evening costume for dancing receptions should consist of a black shooting-jacket, a green necktie, yellow vest, blue-striped pants, and a large diamond in your shirt-front. There is no necessity of your wearing gloves, unless your hands are dirty; besides, the lady may have a pair on. 2. Certainly; if she won't go down to supper, you're justified in carrying her down. 3. It is not a breach of etiquette to pocket a bottle of champagne surreptitiously; but it ought not to be drunk until reaching home.

CAR-CONDUCTOR.—Your ignorance is simply disgraceful; you don't know what "chrysoidin" is. Why, it's diamidized azobenzol, something between monoamidazoobenzol and triamidazoobenzol, two well-known substances. Go to school again, by all means.

## THAT TERRIBLE PUN.

I'M not given to fun, but I once made a pun,  
That set a whole room in a roar.  
Though I own it was funny, you can bet all  
your money,  
That I never shall pun any more.

For the ladies haw-hawed, the men they guff-  
fawed,  
Till the tears ran down on their cheeks,  
They laughed till they dropped, when some of  
them stopped,  
And could only continue in shrieks.

Some grew idiotic, and others spasmodic,  
All acted confoundedly queer;  
Some rolled on the floor, some butted the door,  
Or kicked at the bronze chandelier.

They shrieked and they groaned, while I trem-  
bled and moaned,  
For I thought they were going insane;  
I begged and I cried, and frantic'ly tried  
To calm them, but found it was vain.

Then I rushed from the room, out into the  
gloom  
Of the street, straight home, to my dad;  
I left them still yelling, in that ill-fated dwelling,  
Like a parcel of lunatics mad.

No doubt you'll invoke me to tell you the joke,  
That you may enjoy it as well,  
I would, but I swear, I'm darned if I dare,  
For fear you'd be likely to tell!

## THE PARAGRAPHERS' ASSOCIATION.

## MOURNFUL MEETING OF THE OFFICERS.

MANY readers of PUCK are doubtless aware that a number of the humorous paragraphers of the country have formed an association, but they may not be cognizant of the fact that a meeting of the officers of the said association was held in New York a few nights ago.

We herewith present a condensed report of their melancholy doings on that occasion.

The table groaned beneath a pitcher of ice-water and four pairs of legs. President Catlin, who sheds a column of gloom daily over the editorial page of the *Commercial Advertiser*, occupied a seat at the head of the table. After the weather, the early spring, and a few other live topics, had been disposed of, President Catlin observed that he felt in an unusually cheerful mood, as he succeeded last night, at the expense of several hours' sleep, in evolving five entirely original puns on the name of President Diaz. No punishment is so painful, he said, as to be suspected of making a pun when no punish-meant.

Catlin is not a Dutchman.

Secretary Bayard, who, since the demise of the Brooklyn *Argus*, is basking in the fitful light of the aggressive *Sun*—and the mellow honeymoon—said that his stay must necessarily be brief; for if he wasn't home at nine o'clock, he would be compelled to climb in the second story back-window, in order to avoid disturbing the peaceful slumbers of his wife. He had been married only six weeks, but he had already discovered that the principal rays of the saccharine orb was to raise money for beef and bread and beer, and other household necessities.

Vice President Danbury Bailey said that a much less distressed feeling prevailed in the Southern States since he had canceled his lecture engagements there. He had a hat-full of heart-breaking spring house-cleaning episodes, but, out of respect for the families of those pres-

ent, he would not read them until he was alone; but he desired to press it upon the minds of his hearers that these directions for making hens lay, which you see in the agricultural papers, were the veriest bosh. The best plan to make a hen lay was, to get in the nest with her, and be sociable, and whisper in her ear that you once owned a hen that laid half-a-peck of eggs per day—and very short days, at that; and then, if that hen doesn't hump herself, and lay a pile of eggs two feet high and three feet thick every twenty-four hours, she hasn't a spark of ambition in her nature, and might just as well be sold for a spring chicken, if she was over four years old.

Bailey dispenses with neckties, on the ground of economy. He finds a gold button a very good substitute for a tie, and quiet as successful as a preventive of sore throat, croup, and bronchitis.

Treasurer Williams, who imparts a wave of melancholy over the pages of the Norristown *Herald*, suggested that all new members be required to pay four times as much annual dues as the old members. If some plan was not adopted to augment the receipts of the treasury, the association would be unable to follow the fashion introduced by savings banks, life insurance associations, railroad companies, and other respectable organizations—i. e. to appoint a Receiver. Secretary Bayard asked if he hadn't enough of the association's funds in his hands to pay his fare to Europe. He replied that he hadn't enough to take him "half-seas-over." Some of the members were rather snail-like in forwarding their dues, which was doubtless owing to the grasshopper ravages in the West last fall, and the continued elevation in the price of beer.

The *Herald* P. I. man, of the Executive Committee, said the only important piece of "Personal Intelligence" he had to impart was, that the best way to make ice-cream in hot weather was to place four quarts of Orange county milk on the stove and let it boil four hours—one hour for each quart; while it is bubbling, throw in four lumps of ice as large as a rock; stir well until the ice is dissolved; then grate in four medium-sized fresh onions, and set out in the snow to cool; serve with onion sauce, and eat moderately, until the taste becomes accustomed to the flavor.

Here the Vice President actually smiled, and was promptly fined two dollars.

Croffut, of the Executive Committee, whose *Graphic* humor is much sought after by men who wish to accumulate a proper amount of funerealness preparatory to attending the burial of their mother-in-law, affirmed that he had squandered two hundred and fifty thousand dollars during the past two weeks, to prevent it falling into the hands of legal sharps after his death. At the same rate of squanderfulness, he thought he would run through with the remainder of his fortune by about April 1st, 1880. He considered the manner in which our government had treated Dr. Mary Walker a disgrace to generations yet unborn, and he had written a poem on her wrongs, which he would read:

"Dr. Mary worked so hard for her rights  
That her suspenders busted;  
And after getting into sixteen fights,  
She right up and dusted.  
Now when——"

Hearing muffled groans and sobs, he laid down his manuscript, and finding the members in tears, charitably forbore reading the rest of the poetical effusion. He feelingly declared that of all the lachrymose gatherings he ever attended, this was the lachrymost. The weeping gentlemen said his poem reminded them so forcibly of some of Tupper's lines, that they couldn't restrain their tears.

A letter was read from Second Vice President M. Quad Lewis, regretting his inability to be

present. He had lost his free railroad-pass, and was daily importuned by his washerwoman to pay a little matter of three dollars and seventy-seven cents due her; and no newspaper man was rolling in enough affluence to purchase a railroad ticket and pay a wash-bill at less than two months' notice. A man was now in Detroit fixing up a telephone, and if the boys would wait four or five weeks, he would telephony story to them through the sound-machine.

At this point Secretary Bayard consulted his watch, and upon learning that it only wanted two minutes to nine, he jumped up and shot out of the room, as if he had been propelled by a Bogardus Kicker. Then a policeman rushed in and threatened to arrest the whole party for conspiracy to overthrow the best government the world ever saw. He said no half-dozen fellows could meet and look so gloomy, and keep so quiet without plotting some terrible mischief; and he was about to club their heads into a jelly for not making a noise, and looking so sad, when he saw by their seedy coats and turned paper collars that they were newspaper humorists. The policeman asked to be excused, and went out and clubbed a blind man to regain his wonted cheerfulness.

The officers of the Paragraphers' Association turned out the gas, and solemnly meandered across the street to a free-lunch counter, to drown their sorrows in a flowing bowl of hash.

## FITZNOODLE IN NEW YORK.

## IV.

## HE DISCOURSES ON WOMEN.



YA-AS, if a fellow is inclined to be spoony in this country, he has a gweat many opportunities. By Jove, I weally think he has more chances to "be vewy much gone" two or thwee times a week than in Gweat Bwitaen.

The weason is, that the women have a gweat deal of fweedom, and can talk to a fellow without being fwightened of their pawents.

One day a fellow in the club said that a Miss Anna Mawia Bwown, a pwetty blonde, I had met out several times, was "going" for me. What an idiotic wemark! How could she go for a fellow, I should like to know, and where would she go to if she did? Vewy odd, though, that same afternoon I weceived a jolly little note, asking me to go for her to take her to a weception, and she would send her cawwidge for me; so she didn't go for me, but I went for her, and that's what that stupid a-ass at the club must have meant. Stwange pwocceedings—I begin to have a stwong impwession that ewevybody in Amewica ought to be in a lunatic asylum.

Jack Carnegie says he knows sewewal girls who have asked fellows to mawwy them. Now, hang it, I don't think that this can be twue, because no Amewican girl ever asked me to mawwy her; and, of course, if this were the custom of the country, some beautiful young cweature would pwobably have made some matwimomial overtures to me, for it would be a doosid fine thing for an Amewican girl to be the Honowable Mrs. Fitznoodle. I don't think I should entertain the pwoposal. I'm afwaid the family wouldn't suit at home. When I was at Wugby and Cambwidge, the fellows used to say that I hadn't the gwaces of composition, so I will west now and wite more about Amewican women next week, as it is wather an intewesting subject.

## WHY IS IT I AM SAD TO-NIGHT?

WHY is it I am sad to-night,  
This heavenly night of June,  
When gladness laughs in flower and star,  
And joy-bells ring in tune?  
Not that the hoarded dross of years  
I've lost, mourn I and muse;  
Ah, no! I only wish I'd had  
Some hoarded dross to lose.

Why is it I am sad to-night,  
When all around is gay?  
How merrily yon fisher-lad  
Sings on the moonlit bay!  
It is not that my childhood's years  
Are fled fore'er from me;  
Oh, no! that would not make me sad,  
But quite the contra-ree.

Why is it I am sad to-night,  
When mirth fills all the air?  
See in those halls of revelry  
The dancers debonair!  
'Tis not because I've bills to meet,  
That I am far from gay;  
For no one now brings bills to me—  
They know I will not pay.

Why is it I am sad to-night;  
When light and music seem  
To fuse earth, air, and sea, and heaven,  
In one ecstatic dream?  
The fact that I have dined but ill,  
Might on my spirit pall:  
Were't not for this—'tis often thus—  
I have not dined at all.

Why is it, then, I'm sad to-night,  
This night, that sure was made  
For mirth and song and happiness—  
And lover's serenade!  
It is not that my life, my love,  
My Edith, grows unkind;  
Oh, no! oh no! And if she did,  
I should not greatly mind.

No, no! If I am sad to-night,  
If love hath lost its lure,  
If song forgets its melody,  
And moonlight's wealth grows poor—  
It is that for the last half hour—  
So harsh are heaven's decrees!—  
Do what I can, I yearn in vain:—  
I cannot, cannot sneeze!

W. C.

## PUCK'S ESSENTIAL OIL OF ALBANY.

SENATE. APRIL 3D.



the government of cities, must be defined. The above ideas were to be referred to the collective wisdom of the Committee of the Whole.

MR. GERARD, while public schools were under discussion, thought that babies in arms should not be allowed to attend them, at any rate until they were weaned; perhaps at the mature age of six it was about the time they ought to go. If they went earlier, the school-rooms would be

nurseries, and require baby-jumpers, pap-spoons, and paregoric, not to mention other domestic articles still more necessary to infantile training. Mr. Gerard's bill, allowing boards of health to sniff out all the nuisances, "progressed." Brooklyn Senators opposed it—what was the health of the people compared to the profits of manufacturers? Besides, a good, healthy, strong smell was eminently exhilarating, and had been recommended by the faculty.

ASSEMBLY. APRIL 4TH.

MR. HUMPHREY, to the intense astonishment of everybody, incubated a bill relating to eggs, to the effect that a dozen eggs shall be equal to one-and-a-half pounds; in short, that eggs must no more be counted, but sold by weight. (PUCK hopes that this measure will not affect the price of ham and eggs.)

APRIL 5TH.

More lively times!

MR. GERE said, in the course of a discussion about a petroleum-pipe running through land belonging to the Seneca Indians, that Mr. Alvord was the bosom friend of monopolies and corporations.

MR. ALVORD remarked that he wasn't, and MR. GERE was a cardinal-red perverter of the truth.

MR. SPINOLA thought that the words ought "to be taken down," but the House considered that such language gave style to their entertainments, and did not think it necessary.

MR. GERE explained that he spoke in a Pickwickian sense, and everybody "kissed and made it up."

## HOW THEY BROIL OYSTERS IN TEXAS.

HE dropped into a Texas oyster-saloon about eight o'clock one evening, and they all knew, by the cut of his coat, that he was a New York drummer.

He carried considerable style, too, and the proprietor waited on him in person to see what he'd have.

"Get me up a nice broil; will you, waiter?" he remarked; "you know how to broil oysters here, don't you?"

"Well, I should say so, stranger. Just you wait an' see," replied the host, disappearing through the kitchen-door.

In due time the broil made its appearance, and it was a broil, sure enough. Six bivalves, swimming in grease, with here and there a faint streak of the gridiron on their flabby sides, were set before the stranger; also, a saucer with four crackers in miniature, and a last-year's bottle of catsup.

"Thar, stranger," said the landlord, "look er that—thar's a broil fur yer as is a broil."

Young Pegtops did look at it, and his appetite vanished quicker than a tomatcat at sight of a boot-jack. "You don't expect me to eat that, do you?" he said.

Then the landlord smiled, but what a smile it was; he'd cooked them isters himself, he had; took the trouble to see they was all nicely served up, he had. And now—oh! it was too much. And so he smiled:

"Reckon yer jokin'," he said, "ain't yer, stranger?"

"No," said Pegtops, "no joking about it. Do you expect me to eat that miserable mess?"

The smile changed to a look of determination, such as only a Texan ranger can assume.

"Ya-as, I do, and what's more, I mean to make you eat it," he replied.

The crowd, by this time, gathered around, and the landlord drew his revolver.

"Now, young feller," he continued, pointing significantly to the table, "eat 'em."

Pegtops' appetite seemed to have returned in tenfold form. He didn't stop for crackers or catsup. Down went the six awful oysters in half-a-dozen gulps, amid the roars of the by-

standers, and as he stepped up to the counter a moment later, to settle his bill, the proprietor remarked:

"No money needed, young feller; them's with me. But don't come around here again to tell a Texas gentleman how to brile isters. Now, git!"

And he did git by the first stage.

## PUCK'S STAGE SKETCHES.

III.

## "I NEVER WAS A RAVING BEAUTY."

THERE is so much fascination about the stage that not even a strong-minded woman is proof against it.

Feeling within her ambitious soul a sudden desire to plunge into the vortex of histrionic delights, Anna Dickinson wrote a play, called it "A Crown of Thorns," and had it brought out in Boston, with herself as the heroine. This was an ambitious effort. For many years Anna had been content to stand upon the rostrum, and with her strong mind carry conviction into the hearts of thousands, who were thus made to feel that woman was born for greater deeds than darning stockings and sewing on shirt-buttons.

"But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand," and so Anna slid off the rostrum upon the stage. The critics went mad. She, however, was not be crushed by fiends of the press, as so many gentle, yellow-haired darlings had been crushed before her. In familiar parlance, she would not consent to being "bulldozed." She turned upon the critics who had said she couldn't act, and told them they couldn't write.

And glorying in a sweeping victory she took herself, her play, and her own opinion of both, around the country, and astonished the natives until further notice.

Finally having gained sufficient vigor and defiance, she burst forth in New York city. We know with what result. Her old enemies, the critics, set to work again and puffed her with venomous playfulness. This is what the *Herald* said:

With commendable modesty "The Crown of Thorns" is set down as a masterpiece. It does not state, however, who acknowledged it to be a masterpiece, which is well for the reputation of those people, if they ever had any.

This shows a narrow-minded lack of appreciation of genius, and unworthy of the triple-sheeted American newspaper.

The *Tribune* says of the heroine herself:

If King Henry's ill-starred and more ill-gartered spouse was, indeed, a woman of the kind denoted in Miss Dickinson's, she might have regulated the collection of taxes, or she might have presided with decorum over a public school.

And this to Anne Boleyn; the latest and greatest of all Anne Boleyns, whose eye sparkles with intellectual lustre, and whose every gesture—

But of her gestures the *Sun* observes:

She did not remove her arms from the side of her body, and all her gesticulations proceeded from her elbow.

But the *Sun* was prejudiced. Anna is certainly a much-abused young lady, whose greatest fault is her versatility. PUCK offers her consolation in publishing her portrait, not stolen from a photograph, which must fail to convey all the expressive eloquence of her face; but inspired by earnest appreciation, and in conformity with her own description of herself. In an interview with a myrmidon of the press, she observed: "I never was a raving beauty, but I nevertheless expect, on the stage, to do all that is required of me in love-making, and I request my stage-lover not to treat me as a touch-me-not, and as if I had no more passion than there is in an empty claret-bottle."

It may be interesting to know that, in compliance with her request, she has not been treated as a touch-me-not by any one in the city, and as for her passion, and her lack of raving beauty—PUCK's portrait can tell its own story.



"I NEVER WAS A RAVING BEAUTY."

THE MODERN AGE

Puck.



THE MODERN ORE



RETES PURSUED BY THE FURIES.



## THE LESSON OF A TRAGEDY.

JOHN McCullough opened at Booth's Theatre, last week, in "Virginia."

It was a tragedy. I went to see it and endeavored, with as much sincerity as I am capable of, to be overcome with the necessary melancholy. I hope that McCullough, and Joe Tooker, and Sheridan Knowles (or his materialized spirit), will forgive me when I confess that I failed to grow sad. It was not their fault. They did their best to make me so; but there is such a lack of the appreciation of gloom in my nature, that the best of tragedies must fail in effect.

I have it on the best of authorities that McCullough's acting as the Roman father was grand. He was as good as Forrest in his way; with the sole reservation that his way isn't Forrest's way.

But somehow or other, I couldn't sink into the belief that Maud Granger, who played *Virginia*, had fully made up her mind to be killed in the fourth act.

She looked too well knit and beautifully defiant to encourage the idea that she was going to stand tamely by and see herself cut down, in the spring-time of her youth, with a butcher-knife.

Not even the blood-stained blade—skillful contrivance of the property-man—struck the requisite terror into my soul.

And when Mr. Taylor, as *Dentatus*, strutted and fretted with the most wonderful energy, and with a vigor that should have made the decemvirs really feel ashamed of themselves—instead of my pondering over the depravity of governments even in those days, and debating with myself upon political feelings in general, I felt a strong desire to communicate with Mr. Taylor, privately, and recommend him to use chloriate of something for his throat.

But I would not have it understood, from this, that tragedy is without its uses and moral influences.

On the contrary, I am glad to see the management returning to the legitimate. It shows a healthful state of feeling.

Even though, after McCullough, we should have another season of Italian ballet, the brief engagement of the American tragedian will serve to indicate that there were, at least, lucid intervals during an erratic managerial existence.

"Virginia" has a moral. It has two or three morals, in fact. Much depends upon the mind that is to be instructed how these morals are interpreted; but even by feelings entirely untragic in their tendency, bits of sentiment are caught as they fall, and imbedded in the inner consciousness, like a dewdrop in the heart of a rose—or a cabbage.

*Dentatus's* death in the act following his greatest verbal efforts is an illustration of the painful effects of too much talk. It is more than possible that, if he hadn't unbosomed himself of so many nouns and verbs in the second act, Sheridan Knowles would have let him live two or three acts longer.

*Virginia's* death teaches the folly of being beautiful. It also shows the folly of having a father. And the most sweeping of all deductions that can be made from her history is, that unless a young lady can make up her mind to go through the world with a fair amount of wickedness, she had better "ne'er been born at all."

All of which is moral and refreshing.

As for *Appius Claudius*, the villain who yearns for *Virginia*, the terrible consequences of his early indiscretion are illustrative of the wisdom of doing things in the proper way.

If he felt an unconquerable affinity for *Virginia*, he should not have had it emblazoned on every banner in his district; or shouted through every available speaking-trumpet; or had it discussed by the corner loafers of the forum; he ought to have had a personal put in the *Herald*, and arranged for a meeting in a more subdued way; especially when the girl of his choice has such a terrible pa as *Virginus*, whose every mien plainly expressed that he wasn't going to put up with any "bi-god nonsense."

*Virginus* himself teaches so many things that one grows confused at trying to remember them. He shows pre-eminently the advisability of getting insane immediately after committing a murder. By this he not only escapes punishment for sacrificing his daughter, but becomes enabled to choke off *Appius Claudius* with impunity.

He also shows that the best thing to do after going crazy is to lie down and die.

These things, individually and collectively, have their uses, and these uses are of the best.

Their occasional production in the style that now reigns at Booth's Theatre cannot fail to impress even the most skeptic mind; if they don't in one way, they will in another.

*Virginus* does not make me sad. I am sorry to confess it. But it gives me ample food for thought; and, after all, that is what you pay your money for.

Deductively yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P. S.—I went in on a complimentary ticket, so you must construe my last sentence in its broadest sense. But the principle remains the same.

## THE STAGE.

## "A CROWN OF THORNS."

IT is not often that we have the opportunity of enjoying a really good burlesque, and therefore we should be grateful to Mr. Hart, who, in presenting "A Crown of Thorns," has worthily followed the course he marked out when he produced travesties of "Lad Astray," "Rose Michel," and "Sardanapalus." Miss Dickinson has long enjoyed the reputation of being a clever woman, but, in her admirable burlesque of the ordinary society debutante, she almost approaches genius.

The time had come when it was necessary that some woman of more than ordinary intelligence and reputation would take upon herself the task of exposing the folly and stupidity of those who think that they have only to walk upon the stage in order to become great actresses. During the last two or three years, many ambitious *Juliets*, *Paulines* and *Camilles* have burst upon the town, "for one night only," and have then sunk back into the obscurity from which they ought never to have emerged. Hundreds more are, however, still "waiting for an opening," and it is in the hope of showing these how foolish are their aspirations that Miss Anna Dickinson consented to travesty the ordinary amateur heroine. For so doing, she deserves the grateful thanks, not only of such aspirants, but of the public.

There was, however, one danger in Miss Dickinson's path—that of some short-sighted persons believing that she was in earnest in endeavoring to adopt the dramatic profession. We regret to find that certain of our contemporaries have fallen into the trap, and have actually censured Miss Dickinson for awkwardness, which she was doing her best to exagger-

ate, and thus censure in others. She has not yet publicly exposed the way she has taken in many of her critics, but we know that the disclosure is at hand, and we are not violating any confidences in anticipating it.

Rarely has it been our good fortune to enjoy a more hearty laugh than the one awakened by Miss Dickinson's burlesque of the actions of an amateur. All the little *gaucheries* of gesture—the arms glued to the side, the spread fingers, the head-shakings, and the funny little affectations of coyness, were all there, not roughly exaggerated, but so artistically heightened that we can compare the effect only with Mlle. Aimée's delightful imitation of the negro delineator, who sings, "Pretty as a Picture." In using her voice, Miss Dickinson was not less excellent; in the first act, she showed to perfection how monotonous the amateur could be, and her reading of the love-letter from *Percy* was a perfect gem of satire. It was something between a lecture and a sermon, and every pause was emphasized with a very funny start and convulsive clutch of the paper. But it was not till the last act that Miss Dickinson attained her best; here her picture of the amateur's tragic effort was excruciatingly ludicrous, and the positions she contrived to assume were perfect marvels of ungraceful balancing. Scarcely less amusing were her interviews with her lover, in which she expressed to perfection the pretended modest diffidence of the amateur, who does not think it right to be fervently embraced.

Mr. Arnott entered very thoroughly into the spirit of Miss Dickinson's burlesque. His "make-up"—a cross between *Guy Fawkes* and *Jack-of-Clubs*—was intensely comical, and the would-be tragic manner in which he delivered his lines, which seemed to consist mainly of "hum—um—um—em—eh—ah" was "im-mense." His happiest effort was, however, at the end of the third act, where, coming before the curtain to pick up some flowers, he travestied the manner and action of a *prima donna*, combining with her affected graces the jovial smile of a burly baggage-smasher shouldering a heavy trunk. In wearing the same dress for the eight years covered by the action of the play, he indicated, with grim humor, how hard it must have been for the *King* to have to pay for so many and such expensive dresses as those donned by *Anne Boleyn*.

## THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

MR. Daly has produced a play of which, *mirabile dictu*, he isn't the author, and it's quite a respectable play, for all that. There is enough variety in it to make playgoers of widely different tastes satisfied, and what with plenty of bright color, pretty scenery, and a martial and chivalrous tone throughout, Puck thinks it ought to have a prosperous run; and why should it not? For although of an "olla podrida" character, it is highly seasoned with Coghlan as *Frederic Trenck*, a regular knight-errant, ready to run any one through the body on the shortest notice and smallest provocation, and to suffer the tortures of the damned for the sake of the peerless Princess Fanny Royal, who looks ravishing in rich and varied costumes. There is a remarkable prison-breaking scene, in which *Trenck* throws down stone walls as if they were so many empty band-boxes, and rattles his shackles (a small chain cable) in a manner that would astonish Samson. Then Mdles. Rosa and Mauri appear in a Bohemian *pas de deux*—at least, Puck takes their word for it that it is Bohemian. All of this and more too, in four acts and ten tableaux, is the *menu*—more or less palatable—provided by Mr. Daly.

## MY DOG PICKLE.

“THERE can't be much harm in doing it, can there, my doggie?”  
“Bow, wow, wow!”

The question was put by an individual whom I would rather not describe, no one being so incompetent a critic of a personal appearance as its owner, and was answered by a little dog of doubtful breed. She—the little dog was of the unenfranchised sex—was too evidently the offspring of an ill-assorted match. Her mamma was a member of the famous Skye family, and her papa connected by birth with the black-and-tans. Superficial judges would have pronounced her “the image of her father,” but the learned in points would have detected traces of the female side of the family in a moment. Still, to all intents and purposes she was a black-and-tan terrier. The undescribed biped, as the reader has undoubtedly surmised, was the narrator of the occurrences “hereinafter set forth,” as the lawyers have it; the fully-described quadruped was my dear little dog Pickle, the companion of my solitude on the desert island where I write, my fellow-fugitive from the haunts of men, the sharer of my awful secret.

For ten long years Pickle and I have lived alone on this island, which shall be nameless, latitudeless, and longitudeless. A young and sprightly pup of some twelve revolving moons when we landed, age has since told its tale upon my little dog. The muzzle, once a rich jet-black, is very gray now; the lithe little limbs move more leisurely and methodically at my call; the soft, brown eyes, that look up lovingly into mine, have lost the sparkle and the clearness of youth. My dog is old and feeble, and I cannot disguise from myself the fact that soon, very soon, we shall be parted by the cruel constable who hauls off all animals to the eternal lockup, irrespective of the number of their legs. And when my poor little Pickle is dead, I can leave this lonely place and commence the world anew—but not till then.

“Well, if that's all, why couldn't you kill the dog and come back?”

“Thank you, Mr. Somebody, I fancied you'd say that: ten years of isolation have not made me forget that there are cold-hearted ruffians in the world.

Kill my dog! Go and kill your wife, sir—the woman who marks your every gesture with admiration, and worships you, and thinks there never was a man in all the world like you. Go and kill your little child, who watches for you from your going out to your coming in, who leaps upon your knee and nestles in your arms. Confound it, sir! go and destroy every link that binds you to the past. Sell the letters your mother wrote you when you were a boy at school, to the waste-paper-man; throw the massive old watch that was your father's, and your grandfather's, into the ash-barrel. But, pshaw! I waste words on you! A man who would suggest the butchering of a faithful beast would do all these things, and dine with better appetite for the exercise! Go you rather and be vivisected in the interests of science, tell me how it feels, and then I will tell you why I did not kill my dog. Here! don't you read any more of my story. Put it down at once—you won't understand it. Kill my dog, indeed!

“Bow, wow, wow!”

“Go on, you bad dog! I shall get angry if I like. Leave off wagging that silly old tail, do. Look here, Miss Pickle, if you come and interrupt me again, I'll—I'll Von Glabenize you, there!”

If you had seen my dog Pickle when I said these words, you would have jumped instantly to the conclusion—but perhaps you wouldn't: some people are awfully dull where animals are concerned. I'd better tell you all about it in the ordinary way.

First, then, you will please understand that it is agreed between my dog Pickle and myself that it will be a great relief to our feelings if we unburden ourselves of a secret that oppresses us. Secondly, living, as we do, upon a desert island, we run no risk of suffering for our candor. Thirdly, it is not intended to bottle this confession and hurl it into the sea, after the fashion of the humdrum castaway. It is written, with island-home-made pen and ink, on island-home-made paper, and will be deposited in a suitable place on the coast, so that, in the event of my predeceasing Pickle, the story of a strange affair may be left on record, and in the event of Pickle predeceasing me—well, then I may perhaps go back to civilization, and keep it to myself. Now for the confession.

Towards the close of a dull November day, in the year 186—, a young man was standing, with his back to the fire, in a small, but well-furnished apartment in — street. Scattered about upon the table were several open and evil-looking volumes, bearing, as their titles indicated, upon witchcraft, spiritualism, mesmerism, and various supernatural phenomena. Their appearance showed that they were frequently and deeply studied. Seated on the hearthrug, close to the young man's feet, was a small black-and-tan mongrel, very sharp about the muzzle, very bright about the eyes, and very tremulous about the tail. Every now and then she looked up into her master's face, with that look of wistful wonder so common to the canine features, giving at the same time a little subdued whimper, in order to attract his attention.

“What is it, Pickle?” he exclaimed at last, rousing from his reverie, and looking down at the dog. “What is it, my girl?”

“Bow, wow, wow!”

“That's a very general answer, my doggie.”

At that moment some peculiar idea evidently flashed across his brain, for, looking earnestly at the dog, he exclaimed, “By Jove! I've a good mind to try the experiment. Let me just read it over again.” He walked quickly from the fireplace to the table, and opened one of the volumes at a marked place. For a quarter of an hour he sat, and never raised his eyes from the book; then, leaving it open, he pushed it a little way aside, and called his dog. It was on his knee in a second.

“Pickle,” he said, gently, “would you like to talk?”

“Bow, wow, wow!”

“No, not to bow, wow, wow, but to talk—like I do?”

The dog put its head on one side and looked at him earnestly, with that painful endeavor to understand which every one who talks to a dog must often have noticed.

“Let me see what it says once more,” muttered her master, and he turned to the book again. “Hm!—power of strong will—condition produced by mesmerism—experiment of Von Glaben\*—act on brain and tongue—transmitted capacity and sympathetic action on muscles. Yes, I'll do it, come what may.”

With these words he lifted the dog from his knee and placed it upon the table in front of him, so that its face was level with his; then he raised his finger and exclaimed sharply, “Pickle, look at me!”

The dog's eyes were riveted on his in a moment. The last rays of the November sun had long ago departed, and the room was filled with that visible darkness which gives a weird aspect to the commonest of objects. In this obscurity, relieved only by a fitful flare from the dying embers in the grate, the pupils of the animal

seemed to the young man to dilate under his glance, and become balls of liquid fire. Never for a moment allowing his steadfast gaze to vary, he lifted his hands quickly from his side and made the usual passes, adding to them certain others evidently prescribed in the recently-studied article.

At the first few strokes the dog trembled violently, and the bristles rose round its neck like a ruff. Then it suddenly became rigid; the jaws dropped asunder, and the ears were pricked in almost painful tension.

“Pickle!” exclaimed the young man, bringing his face suddenly so close to the dog's that their noses touched; “Pickle, speak to me! Say Master.”

The open jaws closed with a sudden snap; the lips twitched spasmodically; the working of the throat showed that the tongue was violently agitated.

“Pickle, if you love me, speak.”

The words were, this time, accompanied by a powerful attack upon the animal's brain and tongue. The same symptoms followed the second appeal; and then, from between the clenched teeth, there came, harsh and grating, as though tearing its way up the dog's throat, the word “Master.”

Pronounced in an unearthly tone, the word, half-expected as it was, had a momentary effect upon the operator's nerves; but before the current of his influence over the dog had been destroyed he recovered himself, and continued the experiment.

“Do you understand what I say to you?”

This time the answer fell easily and scantly from the dog's lips. The unused muscles of the throat had, under the influence of Von Glabenism, got quickly over the first shock and fallen at once into working order. “I understand all you say to me.”

“Can you speak except under the influence? I mean, could you speak if I withdraw my eyes from you—so?”

The young man turned away, and destroyed, for a moment, the rapport between the dog and himself. The animal was powerless to reply. Resuming the former conditions, the operator then continued—

“Do you retain the remembrance of your former life, or are you oblivious to the past?”

“You use very long words.”

“Is your condition altered? Do you remember anything that happened to-day?”

“I am still your little dog Pickle, and please will you give me that big bone you sent away on your plate at dinner-time?”

“Yes; and every night, if you are good, you shall have a big bone after you have been mesmerized. I want you to go about into the people's gardens and houses, and hear all you can, and then, in the evening, you must tell me all about it.”

“Yes; but let me go now. I want to scratch myself, and I can't move my leg.”

Rapidly making the liberating passe, the young man withdrew his eyes from the dog, and instantly springing from the table, it rolled over on the hearthrug, and, heaving a deep sigh, went off into a doze. It was evident that the experiment had prostrated the dog, and left it weak and languid. For the moment even the bone was forgotten.

Not at first did the full meaning of the feat he had performed dawn upon Pickle's master. It was only by degrees, as he sat thinking before the dying embers, that the revelation came to him of what he might accomplish with a talking dog. He never for a moment entertained the idea of making the discovery public. Rather should it be to him a source of secret enjoyment, heightened by the knowledge that the whole proceeding was in direct violation of the laws of nature, and as “uncanny” as the wild revels peculiar to a witch's holiday.

\* Von Glaben was a German scientist, who carried mesmerism out of itself, and developed a far superior method of procedure. At the time of writing, I believe only one of his disciples still exists. Ten years ago, I knew of six others: two were lost in an extinct crater, one was killed at a level-crossing, and the remaining three died mysteriously in lunatic asylums.

For many a night after that Pickle and her master talked together for a quarter of an hour in the evening. The doors were always carefully locked before the preliminaries commenced, and the Von Glabenistic influence was limited to a short period, as the dog evidently suffered physically if the interview was prolonged.

An intelligent and observant animal, Pickle brought to her master many queer items of news about his neighbors, and he encouraged her prying habits, having already conceived the idea of earning fame as an amateur detective, and employing the dog as an unsuspected agent.

When Pickle had anything of importance to communicate, her intelligence was rewarded with a choice bone; but when she had been spending the day with other dogs, and listening to them instead of to their owners, her conversation was not interesting to her master, and she forfeited the dainty *honorarium*.

One evening she had been out all day, and returned long after her usual time, looking very muddy about the feet and very tumbled and dirty about the coat. Her tail, usually defiantly poised in the air, was curled tightly between her legs, and she crawled rather than walked into the library, where her master was waiting for her.

The door was closed and the curtains drawn, and then Pickle, looking the picture of downcast doggedness, was lifted on the table and Von Glabenized.

"You bad dog," exclaimed her master sharply, "what makes you so late? You've been playing with those low dogs by the canal. Look at your coat!"

"No, I haven't been playing by the canal, and I don't know any low dogs."

"Where have you been, then?"

"Only next door."

"Then, you wicked dog, why didn't you come in before?"

"Because—well, because I didn't want the police detective to see me."

"What had you done, then?"

"Don't be cross, and I'll tell you all about it. You know little Tommy Bowles, who lives next door?"

"The boy that comes after my apple-tree?"

"Yes; and you said you'd cut his head off if you caught him again. Well, *somebody* has cut his head off, for his father found him lying just against the garden wall without it, and I saw him picked up, and so I thought I'd listen; and presently I heard them say they believed you'd done it, and they sent for the detective from the police station up the street; and I hid under the table, and when he came, he said there was no doubt you'd done it, but the difficulty would be to prove it."

"But I never cut Tommy Bowles's head off?"

"Yes, you did."

"What do you mean, dog? Are you mad?"

"You know you flung a broken plate over the wall this morning; didn't you?"

"Well?"

"Well, just as you threw it Tommy Bowles was climbing up the wall to get at your apple-tree, and it caught his neck, and cut his head right off."

"The young man sprang to his feet in an instant. A cold perspiration burst from every pore. He had taken human life, and his victim lay headless next door. He turned hurriedly to Pickle for further information, but the dog had left the table, and was stretched quietly on the hearthrug, gnawing a bone. The concentration of her master's will had been disturbed, the conditions under which the phenomena were possible had been destroyed.

For fully an hour he endeavored vainly to bring himself into a fit state to control the animal's will. At last, by a mighty effort, he succeeded.

"Pickle, go on; tell me *all* you heard."

The influence was evidently weak, for Pickle, instead of answering, cast a wistful glance at the half-gnawed bone at the hearthrug.

"You shan't have that bone again at all, if you don't answer," cried her master, angrily.

For a moment the dog cocked her head on one side, and appeared to be thinking; then she resumed her narrative, but in a hesitating, timorous manner, not usual with her when talking.

"Did any one see the—ah—accident, Pickle?"

"No: but Tommy Bowles's father and a neighbor who'd dropped in said they'd heard you threaten to do it over and over again. Then one of them said, 'Ah! if that dog of his could speak, it would tell us all about it, I warrant;' and then—"

"Go on, go on!"

"Hush! Perhaps somebody's listening."

"Whisper."

"Well, then the detective jumped up and said, 'By Jove! it wouldn't be the first dog who'd hanged a man!' and then said presently, 'If that dog saw it done—and ten to one she did—I'll have it out of her, see if I don't.'"

"What did he mean, Pickle?"

"Why, he's found out you Von Glabenize me, and make me talk; and he'll do the same if he catches me. When I heard this, master, I sneaked out of the room and ran for my life; and I went, oh! such a long way round, and waited till it was quite dark, for fear he should see me come in; and that's what made me so late. I may finish that bone now, mayn't I?"

Freeing the dog from control, the young man flung himself heavily into a chair. His position was desperate. The little harmless dog, gnawing away at its bone as though nothing had happened, had his life upon his tongue. Why, in the hands of a man like the detective—a man who evidently knew the secret he fancied he himself alone possessed—the dog's evidence would hang him twenty times over. He felt his collar tighten round his neck as he thought of it. Who would believe it was only an accident? His threat to cut off Tommy Bowles's head had been heard all over the neighborhood. He had flung the fatal plate; the dog had seen him do it; the dog could be made to speak, and the detective knew how to make it.

Suddenly the thought struck him, "Pickle is the only witness who could prove the actual deed. How if I were to—to—put her out of the way?"

The worst! Great Powers! Why, at any moment the myrmidons of the law might be hammering at his door; he might be in jail, and Pickle in the power of that confounded, meddling detective. Not a second was to be lost.

\* \* \* \* \*

Late that night a young man stole cautiously down the steps of the house in—street, and hailed a passing hack. From beneath the folds of his Ulster peered the sharp black muzzle of a little dog.

Three weeks later man and dog stood upon the deck upon the good ship *Grampus*, bound for Ujiji, with ice, lucifer matches, and gray shirtings.

"What is that island yonder?" asked the man of the first mate, who was leaning over the bulwark near him.

"The man shaded his eyes and looked.

"That? Oh, that's a desert island. We're out of our course, through the fogs, a good bit, or we shouldn't be near it."

"Don't ships ever go nearer than this to it?"

"No fear. There's generally nasty rocks off such places. We always keep as far away from 'em as we can."

That night, shortly after dark, the captain, walking round his ship, must have noticed an unusual appearance on the port side, for one of the boats was missing.

And so were the man and the dog.

And the man and the dog are sitting side by side now, as this confession is written, and the boat is high and dry on the desert island, where it has been their hut and home for ten long years.

So ends our confession.

"Bow, wow, wow!"

"Ah, my doggie, if you'd never been able to speak any language but that, we shouldn't be here now. Still, it was best we came. Wherever we had gone amongst the haunts of men, we should have been recognized. A man and a dog—full description—two thousand dollars reward! No, my poor old Pickle, we should have been caught; and you wouldn't have liked to hang your master, would you? By Jove! Pickle, I've a good mind to Von Glabenize you again, just to talk over old times. I have never done it since that fatal evening. Shall we have a talk again, just for once? Shall we, old girl?"

"Why, if ever a dog said yes with his eyes and tail, you do now. So I will, then. So! look at me well while I make the passes. Come, that's it! Why, you go off easier now, my dog, than you did ten years ago. Steady! now for a try. Pickle, why, how you tremble!"

"Master!"

"Why, what a tone! Are you frightened, my dog?"

"Master, I want to talk about Tommy Bowles."

"No, hang it, my dog! some pleasanter subject than that, please."

"But, master, I've been wanting to tell you about Tommy Bowles for ten years. Oh, master! you didn't cut his head off."

"What!"

"Nobody cut it off—it wasn't cut off at all. Oh! do forgive me!—and there wasn't any detective; and, please, I made it all up."

"But—surely—confound it, Pickle! I don't understand! Ain't I a murderer, then?"

"No."

"But, in the name of all that's canine, why should you make all this up?"

"Because I *had* been playing with low dogs up by the canal all day, and I thought you wouldn't give me the bone if I didn't tell you something, and be cross with me, and so I made it up about Tommy Bowles."

"Oh, Pickle! Pickle! and for ten long years have you and I been on this desert island because you told me a lie! Why the deuce didn't you undeceive me before?"

"How could I? You never Von Glabenized me."

"Pickle, old dog, we've been friends too long to quarrel over this. Give me your paw. I forgive you."

"Master, do men ever, when people want news, and they haven't got any to give them, make things up like I did?"

"Certainly not: only a foolish dog would do such a thing as that. Halloo! there's a boat coming, Pickle. We're discovered!"

"Bow, wow, wow!"

"It comes nearer! Never mind, we don't dread it now. Why, Pickle, look! That face in the bows! Why, I'm blest if it isn't Tommy Bowles!"

From the "Times," August 13th, 187—.

"The ship *Jemima*, Captain Bowles, with iron rails and cutlery, from Ujiji, arrived this morning. She brings with her a gentleman and his dog who were discovered by Captain Bowles's son Thomas, on a desert island where they had been cast away ten years ago."

There is no reason now why this confession, written on that island, should be kept from the public. Pickle is agreeable to its publication; and if she is not ashamed of her share in the story, I am sure I need not be of mine.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

## Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER III.

HUGH walked into the school with a strut. His grandfather had said to him at parting, "Suffer yourself to be bullied by nobody, my boy. Remember that your brave father fell a soldier and a gentleman, and that one day you are to wear Her Majesty's uniform." It was the last of a series of lessons by which the old man thought to instil into his grandson the virtues of an old-fashioned noble English gentleman. He sought to fashion the boy after his own image; and in so doing, he felt that he was offering a compliment to the boy and society. He never said to Hugh, "Neither bully nor be bullied; but do unto Stokes as you would have Stokes do unto you;" for that were to acknowledge an equality of which he would not recognize the existence.

We are born tyrants; and as yet Hugh had received no direct lessons in submission, so that Gregory Biron's parting admonition was hardly necessary. He boasted outrageously the whole of the first day, was defiant as Achilles, and went to bed vastly pleased with himself. The next day he saw Smith Secundus take his caning, and retire quietly to his seat. Hugh was astonished, and asked Smith Secundus if ever he had been caned before.

"Hundreds of times. I never halloo," answered Smith proudly.

"No man should strike me twice," said Hugh.

"Wait till your time comes," said Smith, nodding prophetically.

Hugh's time came shortly. He kicked and struggled to get free whilst his punishment was going on, and when he was released, he flung an inkstand at the head of the offending master; he was taken in hand again, and thrashed until he fairly roared for mercy.

From that day he respected the strong arm of the master; but he hectored it finely amongst the boys.

"They," thought he, "dare not lay a finger upon me." This went on until he refused to fag for Smith Secundus. Smith took him by the ear, received a kick on his shin, and then beat him until he swore obedience. Others of the bigger boys also helped to teach young Biron humility. With one hand they could hold his little fists, and they slapped his face until he was giddy, and pinched him until he yelled.

Then he contented himself with being a Triton amongst the minnows of the school, but attained to that position not without a struggle. He was continually bragging about his father who fell in the Crimea; and whilst his inventive power held out, the boys listened with interest to the perilous adventures which had not happened to Paul Biron, and the astounding courage which he, poor fellow, had such brief opportunity of exhibiting. Hugh's father was with the light brigade at Balaklava; he was the first man who fired a gun at Inkerman. It was he who planted the English flag upon the great Redan, and he fell pierced with twenty bullets and fighting ten Russians at the Alma. Anachronisms passed unnoticed amongst his audience, for they hated history and despised dates; but when they caught him repeating his old stories with new exaggerations, contempt took the place of admiration. Besides this, the truth became known—but not from Hugh's lips, for he, indeed, had been kept all his life ignorant of the fact—that Paul Biron was but a private in the ranks, and a youngster who was clever with his pencil delineated the village drunkard,

who was an ex-militia-man, in his official uniform embracing Hugh. There was a legend in the mouth of the soldier, "Ah, my son, is that Hugh?" and another coming from the lips of young Biron, "Yes, papa; but don't say you didn't fight in the Crimea." This cartoon was stuck up in the playground, and Hugh, wedging his way through the admiring crowd of boys surrounding it, caught sight of it, and saw its significance.

"I will give any fellow my blood-alley who'll tell me who drew this," cried Hugh, tearing the paper down.

"I did it," said the artist boldly.

Hugh lugged out his marbles.

"There is the blood-alley," says he; "and now I'll let you have something else;" and therewith he stripped off his jacket.

Charlie Brock, the artist, was younger than Hugh, and smaller, but he was nothing loth to fight; so the boys fell upon one another and pummeled and fell, scrambled up and pummeled away again and again until Hugh was hopelessly beaten, and had to accept assistance in getting to the lavatory.

He was mortified by the indignity that had been put upon him, no less than in being beaten by a boy smaller than himself. Smith Secundus chafed his wounded vanity, and kept Hugh sore and smarting; for his own honor was concerned in the conduct of his fag.

"Your father was a common soldier, for your late tutor said so; but if he had been a tailor you should not have let a little fellow like Brock thrash you."

"You teach me to fight, Smith, and I'll whop him," said Hugh.

Smith trained him and taught him until he got a black eye in one of these lessons, when he naturally concluded that his pupil had as much science as was necessary. Then Hugh went in and conquered Brock easily, and himself assisted with a light heart to pump water upon the nose of his vanquished foe. Other battles followed, and the fortunes of war were generally in favor of Hugh. Happily he suffered defeats, and learned—had thumped into him—the lesson which nature has in view when she makes lads combative. He learned to hold strength at its true value, and to see that it is better to have right on one's side than all the odds in the world. For right is might, and has nerved the arms of boys and men to fight the good fight since the days of Solomon.

Hugh joined readily in all the sports of his fellows, and would be behind none where pluck and daring availed. He broke a couple of ribs in climbing after a forbidden rook's nest. He was proud of his bruises, and could show more scars than any boy in the school. If any one was kicked at football, or was carried home from hoppy or hare and hounds with a sprain, it was young Biron. He was always the willing culprit to be punished for dormitory rows. The matron declared there never had been such a destructive tiresome lad in the place in all her time; yet she loved him, and was never without vinegar and brown paper for his wounds, or a good word for him when she was consulted about him in regard of his misdeeds, for he was sturdy and handsome and honest and free-handed. He acquired some modesty too, and was not more boastful amongst his companions than occasion justified. It was when he went home for vacation that he chiefly indulged his vain-glorious propensities. His grandfather encouraged this vice. He laughed at the boy's school follies, listened eagerly to the history of his scars, gave him more money than he should have had, and praised the lad to his face. He made Mr. Fox wait upon him like a slave.

"Come here, Fox, and take off your young master's boots. Don't you do it yourself, my boy; you are tired. Besides, Fox is only too glad to do what he is bid. Aren't you, Fox?"

That's right; now take off his other boot. He's a fine handsome fellow, my boy is, and he is worthy to be waited upon by men a dozen times nobler than you. Now take those boots away, and fetch my boy his slippers. Will you have your red shoes or your blue ones? The blue, Fox. Now look alive, and fetch them."

But for all this flattering and adulation, Hugh was always glad to get away to school. There was no flattery there beyond what he bestowed upon himself; but certain virtues were practiced there which, thank God, were more agreeable to the boy's nature.

"If I deserve to be kicked, I like to be kicked," said Hugh to his chum Brock. "If I do wrong, I am as uncomfortable as can be until it's found out; then I get my licking, and feel as jolly as a lark after it. You remember, Brock, when we broke that lamp?"

"You broke it."

"Yes."

"And I got the first declensions for it."

"Well, do you know all the time you were locked up writing them out I was perfectly miserable. I couldn't go down to the cricket-field, and I couldn't go with Harker and Brooks to bag gooseberries out of the doctor's orchard, and I couldn't do anything except swing myself on the crossbar. And then at last I went and told 'em that I broke the lamp, didn't I? And when you were let out and I was locked up, well, at first I was very sorry, of course, that I had spoken, for I could hear you all enjoying yourselves down in the field. You didn't stop outside and swing on the crossbar and feel miserable, Brock. But there, when I had done the declensions and got out I wasn't a bit sorry."

"Look here," replied Brock, "you need not be so jolly bumptious over your virtue. I wasn't going to sneak and say you broke the lamp; but you know precious well that I'd have given you a good licking when I got out, if you hadn't told. As it was, I was locked up half the afternoon before you thought fit to be magnanimous; and so now, if you feel that you would like to be kicked because you deserved it, turn round."

As years passed and Hugh approached manhood, his escapades became fewer, and the grandfather had less to delight him in the holidays. Hugh boasted less and was less proud of his faults. His greatest glories were in cricket and boating, and these sports had no interest for Gregory Biron; the only purpose of such games he believed was to expand the chest and improve the physique.

"What is the use, my boy?" he would say, "of running after a ball like a kitten, or of emulating a waterman! I would much rather hear that you had been robbing henroosts or fighting a bargeman. It seems to me that the educational influence of school recreation tends to develop muscle and stunt the growth of courage. You are handsome and well made, and I think you will be an ornament to any regiment you enter; but that is not everything. You are to be a fighter like your father, not a mere ornament like the Horse Guards at St. James's, to be stuck in a box for nursemaids to languish over. Please God, there will be another European complication before I die, and then I shall hope to hear of my grandson, Hugh Biron, leading another Balaklava charge, and doing honor to the name he bears and the cloth he wears."

But Hugh was not bellicose; he had no quarrel with the bargee; he had no desire to rob any one; and he had no ambition to be a soldier. Indeed, he was planning for himself a life far different. He was developing a talent for art. He had the collective instinct of an artist, and nothing on earth could prevent him from giving off his accumulated thoughts. His nature was too generous for his mind to be of the dull, absorbent kind which takes all and

gives nothing. He must share his pleasures with all, and the delightful things he saw, others must see, too.

The man who possesses genius must go whithersoever his genius leads him. Pegasus will not go in the plow, nor yoke with the patient useful hack; and ill is it for them who would bind him to their offices. Fancy the fate of that clever man who shall confine within his own limits the swelling cloud, which from earth and air and sea has collected lightnings to rive mountains, and thunder to make the flat earth tremble!

Hugh had "chummed" with his first foe, Brock, and from him received his first instruction in art. He was permitted to assist in coloring the minor characters of that famous play, the *Miller and his Men*, as illustrated in half-penny sheets by Mr. Skelt. Later he drew and colored unassisted, except by counsel from the master-hand, Charlie Brock, a portrait of the Red Rover, which he sold for six taws, a pegtop, and a knife without a blade. Out of the abundant pocket-money with which his grandfather furnished him in the holidays, he bought apparatus for sketching from nature, not only for himself, but for his friend also; and the importance the easels and camp-stools gave them amongst their less-gifted companions and in their own consideration was a great incentive to art. They went in boldly for the most striking scenes they could find, and worked in vivid colors; their trees were green, and their skies blue, and their houses red. It was some time before they upset the canons of art; but one day Hugh painted a brown tree "proper," as the heralds say.

"You've painted your tree brown," said Brock, critically.

"Well, the tree is brown, and I'm sick of green. The boys are tired of trees always the same color; besides, we can paint trees green without walking seven miles to look at 'em. I shall go in for nature and use up the other paints, or else I sha'n't have any blue and green and red by the end of the term."

The brown tree was a success, and from that day they began to paint in the new style, greatly to their advantage. Their productions were much admired, and Hugh promised that if his paints held out he would paint a sunset, which he did; and the gorgeous hues suggested to one faction the 5th of November in all its pyrotechnic glory, and to the other party a transformation scene in a pantomime, when they light up all the colored fires, you know.

Gregory Biron was ill pleased with Hugh's amusement. He reminded him that he was now fifteen, and at an age to lay aside childish, girlish, rubbishy occupations, and begin to think seriously of the business of his life; and then, finding his exordium disregarded, the irate old gentleman withdrew him summarily from school, and packed him off to the military training-school at Sandhurst, with instructions to Mr. Fox, who had the taking of the boy, to beg the authorities to work the boy well, and on no account allow him to waste his time in painting. The natural consequences of this course were that Hugh hated Sandhurst, hated soldiers and the art of war, and was now inseparably bound to his beloved mistress, Painting.

The propensity of Adam to jeopardize the happiness of the whole creation for an apple is strong in the youngest and oldest of us, and will endure until doomsday. Gentlemen who would cut their hands off rather than steal a penny will smuggle cigars they won't smoke. Men become polygamous as soon as ever they find themselves bound to monogamy; and children will forever persist in crawling over the fireguard and into the fire.

Hugh was old enough to understand that he was dependent upon his grandfather, and to

feel that he was bound by gratitude to conform to the desires of his benefactor. But this knowledge made him love his grandfather and the military profession no better. He studied from a sense of duty, doggedly, and not well. With a willing heart he could have compassed in a few months all he learnt in a couple of years. When he went home he felt necessitated to assume a pleasurable interest in his life and prospects, because he would not have his grandfather pained by a knowledge of his true feeling on the subject. That did not improve matters; he became disgusted with himself, and in that condition no man can work for long at anything. He corresponded with Charlie Brock, who was in London, getting on famously, he wrote, at an art-school. "I wish for nothing, except that you were here, old boy!" Circumstances combined to make him utterly detest the life before him. Looking for faults, one can see no good. None of his associates at Sandhurst cared for his paintings, though the coloring of a foul pipe delighted them beyond measure. The only person who sympathized was Mr. Fox, and his fellow-feeling astonished Hugh, who previously had inclined to think ill of the man.

"There is a dash of good in every one," thought Hugh; "and this love of art is the yeast that leavens this heavy lump of iniquity."

He felt he had done Fox an injustice, and endeavored to atone for it by imposing confidence in him now. He told him of his wishes, his present dissatisfaction, and his repugnance to the career planned by his grandfather for him. He showed him all his works.

Mr. Fox could not himself draw, and he was not a good critic; but that did not particularly disappoint Hugh, whilst Mr. Fox had such a general high appreciation of art. He bought a most expensive frame for a panel which Hugh had presented to him, and when he went to London he took Hugh's works and brought him back guineas for them, and a commission for half a dozen more if he would be good enough to paint them.

"Ah, Mr. Biron," said Fox to Hugh, "we are proud of our national wealth; but were we to consider how greatly money impoverishes the artistic products of a country, should we not rather regret that we are not poor? How many are there now dallying in luxurious ease, and wasting their hours in the voluptuous languor of drawing-rooms, who would not, in rags and a garret, have produced works of art, to live like the emanations of the Romans when Rome has passed away! Have not the greatest and noblest productions of past ages been wrought when necessity drove the artist—who is by nature constituted an indolent creature—to work? It is possible that Heaven, when she deprived you of your parents, intended you should develop the genius which she gave you for a birthright. Ah, Fortune is like most mothers; she spoils her best-favored children, and so brings them down to the dead-level of the rest."

The words went like barbed arrows into Hugh's susceptible soul, and would not come out. Mr. Fox gave them time to rankle before he shot again. It was the autumn vacation, and Hugh had stolen from the house with his canvas, and was sitting in a beech wood. Mr. Fox silently watched him as he rubbed in the landscape before him. Fox had begged as a favor to be allowed to accompany him. Presently Hugh said, with a sigh, "So you think I am a spoiled child?"

"I do not ask you to agree with me, Mr. Biron. Those who are not spoiled are the first to see who is spoiled, and *vice versa*. It is the worker who snarls at the idler. We, only, see that instead of prancing about in gay colors before the eyes of admiring women and children, you ought to be working in a dull studio,

giving to the world masterpieces of art in return for dry bread; and so, whilst you thank Fortune for giving you riches, we must curse her for not suffering you to be poor."

It is not well to overdose a patient. Mr. Fox was a clever doctor, and left Hugh to benefit quietly by the medicine he had exhibited. Hugh did not touch his canvas for some minutes, but sat with idle hands, looking fixedly in the eddying water at his side, thinking of fame and art and all the romantic delight of hardships in prospective; and coming back anon to the dismal reality of humdrum existence, the foppiness of a military life in these years of peace and frippery, and the prospect of another session at Sandhurst. Often he indulged in dreamy reveries; but each dream was sweeter, each awakening more distressing, to him.

"I would I were as poor as Lazarus!" he muttered, going back to his colors.

(To be continued.)



### Puck's Exchanges.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW.—Scene, British jury-room. All agreed on their verdict except Irish jurymen (who holds out). "Ah, thin, iliv'n more obstinit' men I nivir met in all me loife!"—*Punch*.

MR. BUCKLE says that men and manners have changed but little in the last two thousand years, but we fail to find in his valuable works any record that it was the custom of a Roman citizen, on leaving the Ginnillius Maximus about 11 A. M., to look furtively up the street and then travel in the other direction with that zeal and rapidity which a man rarely displays, except when on his way to the funeral of a rich aunt.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

"I AM convinced that the world is daily growing better," remarked the reverend gentleman to a brother clergyman; "my congregation is constantly increasing."

"Yes," interrupted the brother, who happened to be a penitentiary chaplain, "and so is mine."

"And there the discussion on the early arrival of the millennium dropped.—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

A YOUNG gentleman who is particular about his washing, the other day wrote a note to his washerwoman and one to his sweetheart, and, by a strange fatality, put the wrong address on each envelope and sent them off. The washerwoman was well pleased at an invitation to take a ride the next day; but when the young lady read, "If you tumble up my shirt bosoms any more as you did the last time, I will go somewhere else," she cried all the evening and declared that she would never speak to him again.—*Exchange*.

FIVE thousand broom-handles a day are made in Shiocton, Wis., and the married male Shioctoner never stays out at night longer than nine o'clock.—*Norristown Herald*.

THAT was certainly an awkward request when the photographer asked Lee, the Mormon, to "assume a pleasant look," just before he was shot.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

A CIRCUS performer who had daily permitted himself to be boosted out of a cannon by a light discharge, was recently shot through a netting and against a post, by an overload of powder. As soon as he gets his legs and arms out of slings, he will adopt a less dangerous feat—probably jump off the top of church-steeple, or stand on a railroad track and permit himself to be knocked off by a locomotive. —*Norristown Herald.*

SEVEN intelligent boys met by appointment at the corner of Cass avenue and Joy street, yesterday noon, and were thus addressed by one who seemed to be the chairman of the meeting:

"Boys, we can't have that rehearsal to-day. The boy who was going to act the angel has got to shovel snow all the afternoon. The boy who breaks into a bank has got the toothache and is galloping around the house, and that Third street boy who was going to rescue Pauline sassed his mother this forenoon, and got such a whaling that he couldn't rescue a stuffed dog. I expect to get wallowed this afternoon for stealing sugar, and I guess we'd better not think of a tour to Europe with our 'Three Women of Sandy Bar.'"

The other actors seemed agreed, and as they separated in different directions each boy appeared to fully realize how near he had come to making a path for Edwin Booth to travel in, and how some little trifle, like a sound thrashing, will change a boy's whole life. —*Detroit Free Press.*

SOMDETH Phra Paramindr Mahā Chulalong Korn is all the name the King of Siam is baptismally entitled to. We haven't the pleasure of Mr. Korn's acquaintance, but we desire to

call the reader's attention to the beautiful Renaissance style of architecture of the King's appellation—a sort of four-storied name, with balustrade, battlements, foliations and crenelated mouldings—and a cellar under the whole, within five minutes walk of the railway station. —*Norristown Herald.*

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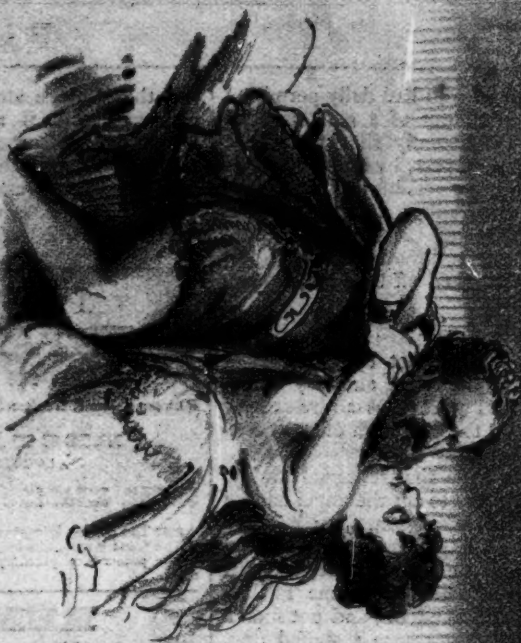
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# WAGGONER



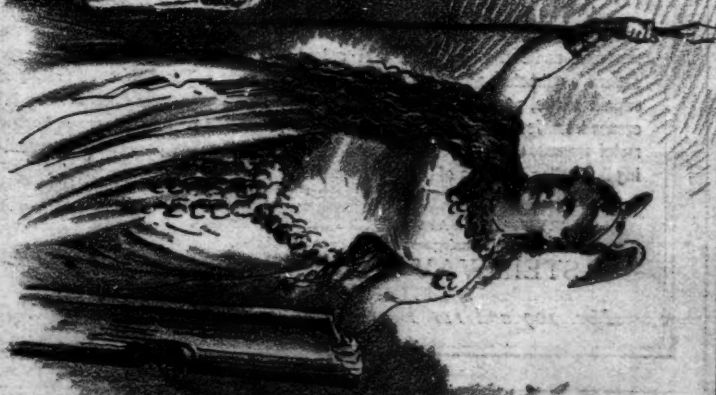
SIEGMUND (*sings*): "My eyes with thy charms are enraptured."  
SIGLINDE (*aside*): "But I am your sister—"  
SIEGMUND, "That's Wagner's fault, not mine."  
(*Curtain falls.*)



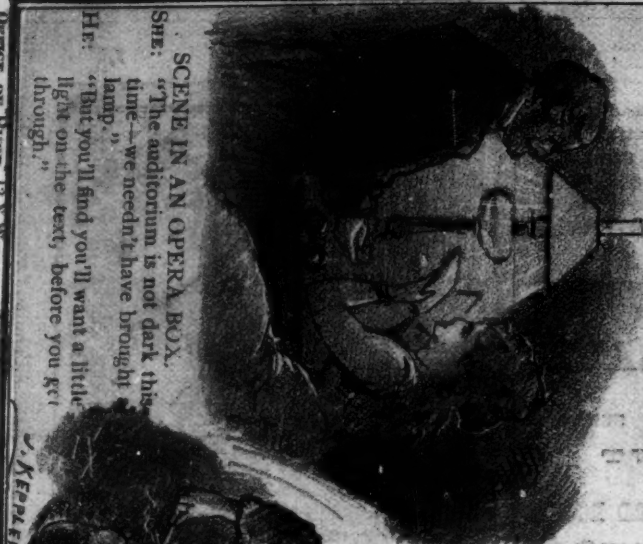
CONDUCTOR: "This is one of our chief features, and, as you see, he has been trained as well as the rest of the chorus."



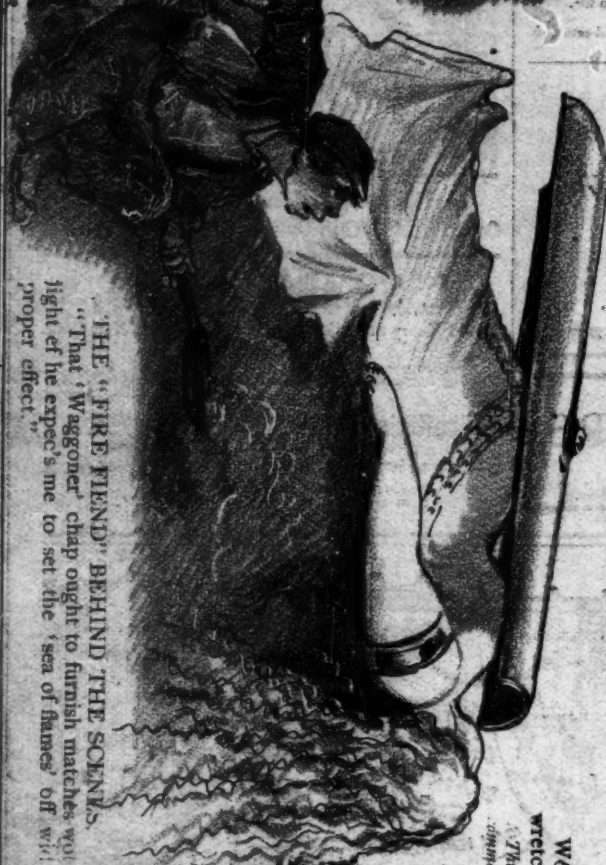
WOMAN (*sings*): "I am 'the wretchedest wretch of them all.'"  
(*This fact being self-evident, further comment is needless.*)



BRUNHILDE: "Victory or Death!"  
(*Odls are given 8 to 7 that Victory will get the best of it.*)



SCENE IN AN OPERA BOX.  
SHE: "The auditorium is not dark this time—we needn't have brought a lamp."  
HE: "But you'll find you'll want a little light on the text, before you get through."



THE "FIRE FRIEND" BEHIND THE SCENES.  
"That 'Waggoner' chap ought to furnish matches with light ef he expects me to set the 'sea of flames' off with proper effect."



USHER: "Wake up, it's all over!"  
CITIZEN (*overcome with too much music*): "They drowned me by drugging my draught, and so I sought shelter in night."